OF STAGELAND. SOME NEW VARIATIONS OF OLD VAUDEVILLE SPECIALTIES. A Melodrama of Bad Men at the Third Avenue

-A New Poetical Play About Hered the Great by Stephen Phillips-Preparations Made for the Approaching Show Season. Vaudeville performers are ever striving for something new, or rather some novel way to present their old specialty. Eleanor Falk who is on the Victoria roof, has a slight variation of the usual way of having an assistant singer in the audience. Before she appears, ten girls, called the lily chorus, sing and dance on the centre platform. They are young and pretty, and are tastefully dressed. Miss Falk sings with them, and later alone. Her last ditty is a new and conventional negro ragtime song with the refrain: "I ain't a goin' to weep no more," which is fast becoming popular Miss Falk is a pleasant singer and rivacious dancer, and brings out the meaning of the verses better than many do in her lin of work. When she reaches the second chorus man at one of the tables stands up and sings. ie is even more unctuous that Miss Falk. While he is singing the ten girls come out among the audience, doing a graceful cakevalk, and finally go up on the stage, where they continue the fascinating movement. Miss Falk beckons to the man at the table and he jumps over the rail and on to the platform, here he and Miss Falk lead the cakewalk of pretty girls. It is a lively and attractive variation of the old idea. Cakewalks are done oddly by others in the Victoria Roof Garden. Bartho, the premier dancer, does one on the tips of her toes, allying the old ballet methods with the new negro step. Two of the Halloway trio of wire-walkers cakewalk on a tight wire in a manner that is curious rather than graceful. One of a team of singers and musicians, at least they say they are, who is appearing this week at Tony Pastor's, plays what he calls "The Rubberneck's Seranade." He plays on a keyboard that looks somewhat like that of a typewriter, but which is connected with electric bells all over which is connected with electric bells all over the house. These are tuned variously, so that he plays a melody on them. The oddity of bells on the ceiling, in the boxes, on front of the balcony rall and such places, of course, makes people turn around to look for them. Then the performer calls out "Rubberneck." That far the idea is funny; but he carries it beyond humor in making personal remarks about the audience, such as are not permitted in first-class theatres. Somewhat the same idea is used by Mat Wills, the exceptionally clever monologist on the New York roof. He starts to tell a story about Chief Devery, but stops, and looking toward the back of the auditorium says. "Why, hello, Chief. I didn't know you were there." Naturally many teople look back, and he disconcerts them somewhat by calling "Rubber!" One of Mr. Wills's new jokes is so indecent that the full meaning escapes many people, who are totally unprepared for such a boldfaced remark in a reputable resort. That it is very clever cannot be accepted as an excuse. The Casino has again resorted to indecency in its valu endeavor to compete with the roof gardens where entertaining and respectable shows are given. Milo, Alma fives an exhibition that is nasty and is neither beautiful nor graceful, nor in any way pleasing or diverting. Little notes in the programme advise the audience to wait and see the woman in "Poses Plastiques," She wears leadings from neck to feet and stands in the glare of varied-colored lights. the house. These are tuned variously, so Stephen Phillips whose poetical tragedy of

"Paola and Francesca," recently caused some talk among artistic people in London, has written a new drama of somewhat the same sort. It will be produced in London by Herbert Beerbohm Tree and here by Richard Mansfield, and some discussion has arisen as to which actor he wrote it for. The point is of little interest. The play's present name, "The King of the Jews," will probably not and surely King of the Jews," will probably not and surely should not be retained. It treats of Herod the Great, who has figured in some old English dramas. In Shakespeare's time Lady Elizabeth Carew wrote one about him and it was produced. Nine years later and after Shakespeare's death, some of the master noet's old company acted "Herod and Antipater" at the Red Bull. It was by Gervais Markham and William Samson, and was not a very good piece. In fact the first play about Herod to be really successful was "Herod and Mariamme," by Samuel Pordage, it was first acted at the Duke's Theatre, London, 1674. About the same time the Earl of Orrery, a boon companion of King Charles II., wrote a play on the subject, but considered it below his dignity to let the comedians act it. In 1723 "Maria" the subject, but considered it below his dignity to let the comedians act it. In 1723 "Mari-amme," in which Herod figured prominently, was produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields, and its success was so great that it restored the theatre to popularity which it had lost to Drury Lane. The drama was by Elliah Fenton who received £1,000 for it. He had at first been discouraged in it, because Colley Cibber had refused to praduce it at Drury Lane.

fashion to return to town to open their doors. and this early activity has started at two of them. The Star is scheduled to reopen tomorrow night with "Quo Vadis," and the Third Avenue is already in use. The play produced there is called "The Tide of Life," and Edward Weltzel has the courage to confess to its authorship. He is evidently not a disciple of the realistic school, nor yet may his melodrama be called poetic. It is surely lurid. The array of villains suggests the opening of the reason, as the stock is large and complete, and has not been picked over. There are all sorts of villains, from the grimy, wicked-eyed kind to the polished, dress-suit scoundrel. And they are all bad, bad, bad. The first scene is on the New York river front, just where is not suggested, but it should be found and reformed by the police. Innocent passers-by are knocked by the police. Innocent passers-by are knocked down and robbed, and their belongings taken to a pirates' craft, which is at anchor in the East River. The captain of the pirate crew, (which , by the way, is something of a novelty in New York of 1900) is a grimy looking person, who should apply his thieving ability to taking a bath. His long suit in villainy is abducting, but he lives to regret his freedom in taking human booty, for it causes him no end of trouble. Through his scheming he has gotten a rich old Judge to adopt a young woman that he had stolen in her youth. His plot is to get the Judge to make a will in favor of the girl, and then kill him, marry the girl and appropriate the money. He is assisted in his deep-dyed scheme by a syndicate of thieves. But matched against each villain is a hero or heroine. One is a good river captain who loves the girl with the money willed to her, and finally wins her. More to the liking of the audience is a stolen daughter of the pirate chief. She is the delight of the spectators when she snaps out airy pleasantries to the villains throughout the acts, but her real time comes at the finals, when she is always found holding a revolver to the head of some black-hearted scoundrel. The most villainous thing these cutthrouts do is when they are hiding near the country house of the rich Judge waiting for him to fall asleep that they will not disturb him greatly when they kill him. In order to pass the time merrily one suggests that they sing a few rag-time songs, which they do, with a casewalk finish as they go to murder. Yes, all considered, it is the most villainous thing they do. down and robbed, and their belongings taken

Sam Bernard will not be in "A Million Dollars," but in the new Casino show that is due early in September. He had agreed to appear in the New York Theatre's summer extravaganza and the Casino's fall one, but the former vas postponed until both will be produced about the same time. Mr. Bernard will keep faith with Mr. Lederer and not break any agreement with the Sires, because the change of time is their fault. The Casino piece, which is as yet unannounced, is by Harry B. Smith, with music by Ludwig Englander. Sam Bernard and his brother, Dick, will be German Dromios. Others in the cast will be Virginia Earle, Anna Laughlin, Irene Bentley, Idaline Cotton, Nicholas Long, D. L. Don and Paul Nicholson,

The new burlesques for Weber & Fields's are "Fiddle-dee-dee" and "Quo Vas Iss?" The former is the usual first part, which will be retained for some time, and may be given another name if a better one is thought of. "Quo Vas Iss?" is of course a travesty on "Quo Vadis," and may last only until some play of the new eason makes a success enough to be worthy of comic maltreatment.

Edna May is to head a musical comedy com pany under the management of Charles Froh-She will appear in an unnamed piece by M. S. McLellan, who under the name of flush

C. M. S. McLellan, who under the name of Hugh Morton, wrote some of our best American ilbrettos in the old Casino days. Gustave Kerker is again his musical partner.

Lole Fuller will appear at Koster & Bial's in November, and the new management has also secured Lizzie B. Raymond, who returned from Europe the other day. Helene Mora, the American contraitte, who has been singing in London, may also appear at Koster & Bial's. She is due to come to this country in Septembe, and will bring with her a dress that she

says she paid \$1,000 for at the Paris Exposition. She will wear it on the vaudeville stage. It was decided yesterday to postpone the production of "Sag Harbor" at the Republic to Sept. 7. The theatre is not finished, and, therefore, the change of date is necessary. The green and gold dome over the auditorium is about completed, and it is one of the handsomest cellings in an American playhouse. The orchestra is to be over the stage as it used to be in the Madison Square.

Grace Filkins, Percy Haswell, Maud Durbin and George Nash will share the principal roles of "Prince Otto" with Otis Skinner when he shows that play at Wallack's, Sept. 3. The production will be scenically fine, as will the one that Charles Frohman is preparing for "Richard Carvel." Frank Lossee is a recent engagement for that drama. Maria Davis, an English actress, will be new to us in a prominent part in "Zaza."

George Bernard Shaw is said to be rewriting the last act of "The Devil's Disciple." It is a good idea, for that part of the play was foreign and inferior to the rest. It was inexpert melodrama, after two acts of clever satirical comedy. Forbes Robertson is to use it in England, and also "Othello" and "Hamlet."

STONY POINT TO BE WELL MARKED. Sign to Be Erected on the Battlefield Big

Enough for River Travellers to Sec. The Society for the Preservation of Scenic and Historic Places and Objects, to which has been committed the custody of the State reservation at Stony Point, is about to erect on the Point a signboard, 15 feet high and 30 feet long.

STATE OF NEW YORK. STONY POINT BATTLEFIELD. IN THE CUSTODY OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF SCENIO AND HISTORIC PLACES AND OBJECTS.

The extreme end of the promontory of Stony Point is under the jurisdiction of the United States Lighthouse Board, which has just granted the society permission to erect the sign on the United States property, from which it can be seen a longer distance down the river. This is the first historic signboard to be erected along the Hudson, and it has been represented to the society that the similar marking of other notable spots would greatly assist travellers to recognize places identified with the annals of the State.

recognize places identified with the annals of the State.

Through the courtesy of the War Department and with the cooperation of Col. A. L. Mills, superintendent of the West Point Millitary Academy, a topographical survey of the nattle-field of Stony Point has just been made for the society by First Lieut. James P. Jervey, Corps of Engineers. When completed it will form the basis for plans for the improvement of the reservation. The society hopes to relocate the old fortifications with the aid of British maps still extant, and intends to indicate the various historic features of the field with small markers.

## REORGANIZERS BUY IN HARPERS. Realty, Printing Plant and Business Sold for

\$1,100,000 Yesterday. The realty, printing plant and right to continue the business of Harper & Brothers were sold yesterday from the stand of Bryan L. Kennelly & Co. at the Real Estate Salesroom in foreclosure proceedings instituted by the Morton Trust Company. The offering was bid in at \$1,100,000 by Alexander F. Orr, chairman of the Reorganization Committee which is straightening out the affairs of the publishstraightening out the affairs of the publishing house. Mr. Orr's bid, made through counsel, was the only one offered.

The real estate comprises \$25 to \$37 Pearl street, extending through to \$2 to \$0 Cliff street and 79 to \$8 Cliff street. In addition to the land and buildings the sale included the publishing plant, with all right, title and interest to the printing presses, machinery, &c., and the right to publish the periodicals Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, Harper's Basar and Harper's Round Table, and the right to the use of the name "Harper & Brothers' in any business which may be carried on by the purchasers.

in any business which may be carried on by the purchasers.

The amount of the judgment against the firm was \$3,466,200. the difference between this sum and the sum of \$1,100,000 which was bid being represented by liens on personal property, unsold stock, &c. This portion of the property is still in the hands of the receiver, Col. Harvey, and will be sold at public auction later. All the claims against the Harpers, it was said, have been turned in to the Reorganization Committee except about \$15,000.

of a resolution criticising one of the lecturers created a small row at the last day of the Epworth Assembly Conference here to-day. W. A. Brubaker of Peoria, Ill., has been in charge of the temperance congress work throughout the party in power was responsible for the liquor traffic in this country. He has called President McKinley a coward for his action on the Army Canteen law. Such remarks have met with the disapproval of many of the Epworth Leaguers, and to-day a resolution was introduced scoring Mr. Brubaker for such statements.

worth Leaguers, and to-day a resolution was introduced scoring Mr. Brubaker for such statements.

But another faction of these in attendance, the class from the country districts, had been equally scandalized by the appearance of the Ladies' Arion Quartet of Chicago in décolletté gowns at the evening concerts. They also considered that the sanctity of the tabernacle had been violated by the music sung by the quartet, which was of a frivolous nature.

This faction declared that if Mr. Brubaker was to be criticised for being brave enough to state his opinions, the young ladies should be scored for their dress and their music. The discussion waxed very warm, and many harsh words were exchanged among the deacons. One man said that no honest man should let the halo surrounding a high public office blind him to the errors and faults of the incumbent, while another said that it was unchristian-like for Mr. Brubaker to call McKinley names.

The original resolution was laid on the table by a slight majority.

## SHE'S WEARY OF ILL LUCK.

Young Mrs. Jacobs Took Poison and Bit the Hand of the Doctor Who Tried to Save Her. Mrs. Marion Jacobs, 17 years old, of 221 East 102d street, took a probably fatal dose of paris green yesterday afternoon. For some time past her husband, Harry Jacobs, 21 years old, has been out of work and they have been

has been out of work and they have been leading a hand-to-mouth existence. Yesterdar morning she told her husband that if they denot soon have better luck she would kill he self. When he came home in the afternoon she was waiting for him at the door. "Did you get a job?" she asked.

"No," he replied, "I have been everywhere and couldn't find a thing."

Mrs. Jacobs walked into the bedroom and swallowed a mixture of poison that she had prepared. Her husband discovered what she had done and ran out for a policeman. On his return to the house with the policeman he found that his wife had locked the bedroom door and it had to be kicked in. Dr. Levy arrived on an ambulance from Harlem Hospital and attempted to use a stomach pump. The woman bit him three times on the hand. She declared that she wanted to die. She was removed to Barlem Hospital emoved to Harlem Hospital

### SALOON KEEPER KILLS HIMSELF. Was Well to Do, But Had Been Drinking Hard for Two Weeks.

Frederick Mentz, proprietor of a saloon at 1167 Bedford avenue, Brooklyn, committed suicide yesterday morning in the North River Hotel, at West and Barclay streets, by inhaling Hotel, at West and Barciay streets, by inhaling gas. Mentz went to the hotel on Wednesday morning. He remained in his roo m during the day, drinking a good deal, and shortly after midnight he called up the office by tube.

"I have been drinking hard for three weeks," he said, "but if you will send me up another bottle 'll take my last drink."

The bottle was sent, and the hotel people heard no more of Mentz. They broke open his room door in the morning and found him dead with gas escaping from the three jets in the room. Mentz was happily married and prosperous and belonged to Lodge No. 640, A. F. and A. M.

HEAT MADE HIM INSANE.

## Charles Glenolia Tried Four Times to Commit

Suicide. YONKERS, N. Y., Aug. 9.—Charles Glenolin, 47 years old, of 73 Jefferson street, this city, made four attempts this evening to end his life. He waded into the Hudson River three times but was pulled out before any harm was done. Then he threw himself on the rails in front of an approaching train. He was hauled away just in time to save his life. He was arrested. Police Surgeon Benedict who examined him said that the heat had made Glenolin insane.

The British cable steamship Anglia, Capt. Cato, which arrived on Wednesday from London, came up to the city yesterday. She has aboard the material for laying the new German cable between this port and Fayal. She carries a crew of 136 men.

THE BATHING SUIT WOMAN.

SHE'S VERY PROMINENT JUST NOW DOWN BATH BEACH WAY.

Puts It On When She Gets Up in the Morning and Wears It Until Bedtime-Some of the Costumes So Dainty That a Splash of Water Would Ruin Them-Residents Horrified.

The rest of the United States may worry as much as it pleases over the shirt-waist man, but there is no room for the discussion at Bath Beach and Bensonhurst. The bathing-suit woman occupies the thoughts of all seriousminded folk on the Brooklyn side of the lower bay. The serious-minded folk live in Bath Beach and Bensonhurst all the year round. They have much pride in their communities and it is most painful to them to see their streets invaded by persons who come among them only for the summer and who bring customs which are not in accordance with the Bath Beach notions of seaside propriety.

Nobody knows just when it first occurred to the summer boarders and summer cottagers that the bathing suit was an excellent costume to be worn without regard to the use of it for bathing purposes. It has been for years the custom of even the permanent residents who live near the beaches to put on their bathing suits in their own houses and walk to the beach. Almost invariably the women who did so wore mackintoshes over their bathing suits on the way to the beach. Last year some of the more frivolous of the summer colony took to discarding the mackintoshes. The natives and many of the sojourners

sniffed-at least the women did. The men

looked at one another, raised their eyebrows when their wives were looking and grinned furtively when the women's glances were turned another way. Criticism of the wearers of bathing suits went no further at the time and the custom grew until the mackintosh as a concealer of the bathing-suit revealed form was pretty generally discarded. So long as the wearing of the bathing suit was not extended beyond the journey to and from the bath, no particular objection was raised.

But the summer folks were irrepressible. But the summer folks were irrepressible. They found that the bathing suit was just as cool in Cropsey avenue as it was on the sand. If the bathing suit was good enough to be worn on the picked, it was good enough to be worn on the porch, or on the tennis court, or in short, in any place where a bloycle skirt or any other outing costume might well be worn. Some of the particularly frivolous young persons took to sitting in the open air restaurants along the avenue in bathing suits. The influence of these departures from the conventionalities was demoralizing.

Women who had always gone to the beach for sun baths in silk bathing suits that would have been ruined by a splash of water, took the trouble no longer to go to the beach. They began to take their sun baths all over Bath pretty generally discarded. So long as the

have been ruined by a splash of water, took the trouble no longer to go to the beach. They began to take their sun baths all over Bath Beach to the varied emotions of all beholders. Of course the new custom took the quickest hold on the very people who were inclined to carry it farthest. Indeed, there are not wanting among the citizens of Bath Beach and Bensonburst many who will say openly and fearlessly that the reason these women feel so little embarrassmentin their bathing suits in public is because they earn their livings by public is because they earn their livings by appearing on the stage in the winter in costumes not essentially different. Certainly the cut of the dresses in many cases suggests the genius of the designer of the costumes of the

genius of the designer of the costumes of the burlesque stage.

One who goes to see at Bath Beach and Bensonhurst finds ample reward at any time between 3 o'clock in the afternoon and the dinner hour. Two women in almost identically made dresses of a pea green shade appeared on the streets yesterday afternoon that were pronounced the most remarkable sights that the bathing suit habit had yet developed. Both of them were tall, but neither of them was thin. Their skirts ended considerably above their knees and were not loosely draped. The waists were armiess and were cut low. The tan didn't look real. They did not seem to be aftention they attracted and chatted with one another as unconcernedly as though they were in the most secluded corner of the beach. They wandered up and down Cropsey avenue for The amount of the judgment against the firm was \$3,466,200. the difference between this sum and the sum of \$1,100,000 which was bid being represented by liens on personal property, unsold stock, &c. This portion of the property is still in the hands of the receiver, Col. Harvey, and will be sold at public auction later. All the claims against the Harpers, it was said, have been turned in to the Reorganization Committee except about \$13,000.

SHOCKED BY THE QUARTET'S GOWNS.

Epworth Assembly Also Objects to the Young Ladies' Songs—Lecturer Causes a Dispute.

Lincoln, Neb., Aug. 9.—The introduction of a resolution criticising one of the lecturers sults were quite dry. It must be admitted that most of the bathing sults were quite dry.

It was quite noticeable that very few men seemed to follow the example of the women, and not more than one or two appeared in the streets in bathing suits during the whole afterneon.

and not more than one or two appeared in the streets in bathing suits during the whole afternoon.

The keepers of the better class of hotels and resorts in Bath Beach and Bensonhurst have been much worried for the good name of the resorts, and are discussing ways of suppressing the latest manifestation of summer mania. Mr. Robert F. Supper of the Avon Beach florel said yesterday that he would not hesitate to call upon the police if any of the frivolous wearers of bathing suits, as distinguished from those who were them with the purpose of bathing, loitered about his place or attempted to enter his hotel.

Mr. William Connoily, who has a large bathing pavilion at the foot of Fifteenth street, has hired a special policeman to chase non-bathing bathers off his premises. He says that the general influence of the whole movement has been so bad that men and women have taken to going in bathing without any clothing at all, from the park which adicins his house, and that he doesn't see any use of calling on the police to regulate the wearing of bathing suits when they will not disturb themselves over people who wear none. Mr. Connoily is authority for the statement that Mrs. Amelia Davis, a large property owner on Fifteenth street, two blocks inland from his pavilion, has moved away from the neighborhood for the summer because she could not abide the indecent exhibitions that were constantly taking place in the street and in the front yards near her home.

summer because she could not abide the indecent exhibitions that were constantly taking place in the street and in the front yards near her home.

Mr. Benjamin O. Smith, the proprietor of Avoca Villa, has taken a decided stand in opposition to the notions of such of his fellow citizens as disapprove the promiscuous wearing of water-clothing on dry land.

"Let 'em be comfortable," said Mr. Smith last night, "They are better looking that way, and they know it; and they don't feel the heat so much. As far as morality goes, there isn't anything very immerel going to happen while they keep out on the streets in broad daylight. The more they wear bathing suits the better I like it, and they're welcome in my place at any time."

The police are inclined to agree with Mr. Smith. Serrat. Ryder who was in charge of the Bath Beach station last night, said that no formal complaint had come to him asyst, and any that did would receive careful and unkindly scrutiny.

"This talk makes me tired," the sergeant said, "What's the difference between a bathing suit and any other kind of suit? What's the difference between a bathing suit and any sold what his guit and a short bleycle skirt? Isn't a hathing suit a great deal better than a bloomer bleycle costume? Most of them are made very prettily and the man, who has any kick to make because a girl wants a little more of a chance to show off her clothes than she gets in the water, is a little too mean for this part of the city anyway. He'd better go to the Waldorf and get oursy kicking because some man wants to be comfortable eating with his coat off.

"There's just one time when a bathing suit may not be exactly the sort of thing that ought

some man wants to be comfortable eating with his coat off.

"There's just one time when a bathing suit may not be exactly the sort of thing that ought to be worn through the streets or in public places; that is, when the wearer has just come out of the water and her clothes stick to her. I never heard that any girl down here did anything like that; I don't believe any of them would. Somebody, as I said before, will have to make a pretty big responsible kick before we do anything about it. The captain of the precinct isn't here now but I think he would tell you the same thing.

"You must remember that the people who live down here are not all actresses and people who like to attract public attention."

Boat in Which Young De Wanl Was Sailing Wrecked-Three Rescued.

NUTLEY, N. J., Aug. 9.-Marianus De Waai, the seventeen-year-old son of A. E. De Waal of this place, was drowned in Green Pond, Morris county, yesterday. The boat in which he was county, yesterday. The boat in which he was sailing swamped. Dr. George B. Philhower, who was in the boat, was pulled under the water in trying to save De Waal, but he succeeded in freeing himself from the boy's grasp. E. J. Guthrie and Mrs. Philhower were also thrown into the water. Guthrie grabbed the boat with one hand and with the other held Mrs. Philhower's head above water until assistance arrived.

arrived. The boat was 500 feet from shore when the occurants discovered water bouring in. Young De Waai could not swim. The rest of the party were rescued by a number of young men from Paterson who heard their cries for help. De

requiring the news facilities of a trustworthy morning publication, together with a corresponding clientage, have designated The Sux their official News and advertising medium. There is printed each day a complete summary of Real Estate transactions, together with a list of Real Estate Auction Sales to occur.—Adv.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

The interesting duel that never took place in spite of the threats made here last winter by M. de Nevers and M. Saléza was rather unique among episodes of its kind in possessing no feminine element. The artistic features of the quarrel alone excited the two combatants. Now there is a woman concerned in the case and she has been brought into it moreover through the influence of M. Jean de Reszke, friend and champion of M. de Nevers. In Paris there lives a Polish lady formerly a resident of Warsaw, a contemporary and former acquaintance of M. de Nevers. M. Saléza has all along refused to fight M. de Nevers until he revealed his own name, on the ground that the code would not tolerate a duel with a mere nom de plume. M. de Nevers never cared to tell this name and M. Saléza before he dismissed the duel question finally made some effort to find out who M. de Nevers really was. His investigations led him to a Mme. Sophie Kaschowska, now of Paris, formerly of Warsaw. The tenor felt that his search for the real name of M. de Nevers was at last to be rewarded. He had met a person who had his name on paper. His opponent's identity once established, M. Saléza was quite willing once established, M. Saléza was quite willing to fight. But he was destined to disappointment. The lady refused to divulge names or show documents which are now said to have passed mysteriously into the hands of Jean de Reszke. He interfered for the sake of his intimate friend, M. de Nevers, whose real name is once more clouded as darkly as ever in mystery. M. Saléza is indignant at the interference of his colleague just in the moment when his success was near. And the talk is now of a duel between the two tenors. It will, in all probability, be fought out, however, at the Metropolitan Opera House next winter. At all events the importance of this possible combat has entirely obscured the former duel, that had every element of a first-class duel except its performance.

limited to young men. But the golf bag is presumably chained to every station in life and all sizes and ages. Stout women drag the leather bags through railroad cars and their wirls as frequently labor under their weight. The golf bag may still be somewhat behind the tennis racket in its palmiest days, so far as numbers are concerned. But it is distributed through a much larger part of society, and there seems nobody who may not appropriately appear with one of them, to judge by the impartiality with which all ages and sizes appear with them in public.

is worth fifty times as much to a New York manager as she was ten years ago. The May Yohe of that day was more discussed for what she did off the stage than anything her talents ever accomplished. She usually contrived to keep herself as much in the public eye than as she is to-day. But she was not married to an English Lord. For the first time the financial value of that attachment was fixed when the actress gave it as her modest opinion that her services now are worth fifty times what they once were. This decision would have greater value if it were known that her manager had agreed with her conclusions and paid Lady Francis Hope what she wanted. But there is no possible chance that anything of the kind really happened, and Lady Francis Hope undoubtedly compromised for a much smaller sum than she originally named.

annoyed the sopranos and and tos to whom the ander's confort is more than the music.

When the rehearsal had reached the chorus, "My Yoke is Easy and My Burden Light," Mr. Damrosch tugged despairingly at his sleeves as much as to say, This burthen is anything the talents of the take it off: The idea was taken up by the other women singers and presently a suppressed chorus of suggestions was buzzing around the room. The noise disconcerted Mr. Damrosch who looked at the women inquiringly.

Tresident John McDonough let his powerful voice loose to say: "They want you to take off that coat, Mr. Damrosch."

"Oh, now," said the leader, "that would never—"

"Oh, now," said the leader, "that would never—"

a round hole in the top. Put on the ice as soon as they reached the local fish dealer's, after a trip made in the primitive refrigerator cars of the day, raw oysters were really regarded as a luxury so far from the place of their cultivation. They cost, too, in a way that made us appreciate what a luxury they actually were

"But it was at the table they were appreciated most, and what a shock it would give an epicure nowadays to see the way they used to be eaten. There were no shells, so when the enicure nowadays to see the way they used to be eaten. There were no shells, so when the oysters were served raw they were put in a soup plate. Many a time have I filled the plate with vinegar until the oysters swam around in it like a goldfish in a globe. After the vinegar, strong enough to make tasteless the degenerate cyster of the day, had been poured on in sufficient quantities lots of black pepper and salt were added to give the final flavor to what the cyster was then thought to need in the way of dressing. If the individual cysters were too large we never hesitated in those days to cut them in two with a knife. I know that method of eating raw cysters was an inland barbarism, but I am just as certain that no cysters since have tasted to me as good as those used to. And to this day I always eye cysters with indifference when I know I shall not be at liberty to eat them in that oldfashioned way. And there are few opportunities for that nowadays. Cysters are now sent to my home in the shell and eaten just as they are in the East. But I don't believe that anybody gets the enjoyment out of them that they used to when the old method was the style and every man flavored them just as much as he wanted to."

The Jersey meadows rarely come in for any thing but abuse. Suburban travellers who are carried over that marshy stretch of land twice a day grow to look upon it as one of the hardships of their day's journeys. At times they provoke condemnation no less pronounced than the kind usually directed toward Hunter's Point. It was this same stretch of reeds and grass that gave rise to a conundrum that was very popular for a while in front parlors along the line of a certain New Jersey railroad. The questioner used to ask why the president of the questioner used to ask why the president of the road was a generous man to his patrons. The answer used to be that he first gave every passenger a scent crossing the meadows and then passed all the oranges. Whether or not that intricate wittiesm is still popular along the road, it at one time enjoyed a great vogue. But there is something beyond the scent of the meadows to attract attention to them now. They are a-bloom from one end to another with the marshmallow flower and its dainty color adds an exquisite tone to the rank green that is usually the only color visible to the eye. Every August the flowers begin to bloom and they are usually most numerous on both sides of the narrow canals that drain the damp earth. This year their delicate pink and white blossoms are scattered over the whole range of the meadows and they have not reached their fullest bloom. Usually they last throughout the entire month and the flowers increase in size. Now they are rather small, but beautiful in their delicate shading of pink and white. The same blossoms attract less attention in other places. It is their loveliness in such aspot and their abundance that help them to give the despised meadows real beauty while they last.

In other parts of New Jersey the golden red is the dominant wild flower of the day. No other untrained blossom can compete with its abundance. Even the wild carrot is subordinate to it now, and when the vellow flower is in full bloom its preponderance will be more marked even than it is now. So far, few of the blossoms have acquired the brilliant yellow glow that comes with their maturity. Many of the blossoms have acquired the brilliant yellow glow that comes with their maturity. road was a generous man to his patrons. The

GLEASON IN A SHIRT WAIST.

not only known M. de Nevers at home, but had

In its most pervading days the tennis racket was never so freely distributed as the golf bag is to-day. Time was when the number of tennis rackets carried about New York on Saturday afternoon led one to suspect that no country could ever contain courts enough to accommodate all the players about to deseend on them. The tennis racket always had less general distribution than any of successors in golf. It was practically limited to young men. But the golf bag is

The practical value of a title to a burlesque actress has been shown very plainly by the demands which Lady Francis Hope made to the managers with whom she was in negotiation here. It was at first announced that Lady Francis flope would under no circumstances reappear on the stage in her native country. But it soon became evident that the display of her talents to the admiration of her countrymen depended entirely on the amount that managers were willing to pay. The minimum was said to be \$2,500 a week for a period not less than ten weeks guaranteed and half of this was to be deposited in a London bank before her Ladyship set sail for her native land. During her theatrical career as May Yohe the salary paid to this young woman never exceeded \$50 a week or at all events went above that point on a very few occasions. Matri-mony evidently means to Lady flope that she is worth fifty times as much to a New York manager as she was ten years ago. The May

the Southerner, as he pushed away the clams with a look of utter distaste, "and I never did learn to like those things. So when I come North I have to do without that course at dinner. At home I occasionally eat raw oysters the way I like them, but that is not as easy as it used to be. When I was a young man living hundreds of miles from salt water, oysters used to be regarded as a much greater luxury than they are to-day. Baltimore supplied the Southern market in those days, and an oyster in a shell was rarely heard of. The best of the bivalves used to be sent South in small kegs filled with the oyster juice, or in quadrilateral tin boxes sealed as soon as the oysters and their juice had been poured through

Many of the buds are still pair and hard, and the lacy, traceful blooms have not yet acquired the deep tones of color that will come to them later and make the golden rod, even more than it is in these mid-August days, the wild flower that monopolizes the fields until the colors of autumn on the leaves make it a detail of the landscape.

THEY WOULDN'T STAND FOR IT IN A LONG ISLAND CITY MOTEL. Ex-Mayor Had Been Eating There for Forty

Years but Head Waiter Made Him Put on His Coat-Pink and White With a Ruffled Front-Too Old to Lead Fashion, Says He. For many years former Mayor Patrick J. Gleason of Long Island City, has taken his meals in the restaurant attached to Miller's Hotel in Borden avenue. Everything was sizzling about noon yesterday when he entered the restaurant and took a seat. The former Mayor was coatless and wore a ruffled front, pink and white shirt waist. It swelled out like baloon around the ex-boss's bulky form and it was suggested that he had an arrangement of electric fans inside to keep cool. There was one person in the restaurant to

whose eye Mr. Gleason's new hot weather make-up failed to appeal. It was Henry Mitchell, the colored head waiter. Owing to many tips a bond of loyalty exists between Henry and the ex-boss, but on this occasion Henry had a duty to perform. He manœuvred around a few minutes and then said:

"Say, Mistah Gleason, you know the rules of dis heah house?"

"Sure," replied Mr. Gleason. "Been eatin" here forty years. Stick to the bill of fare and no tick. Just let me have corn beef an,---"Boss, Ise got ter ask yer agin' ef youse nows de rules of dis heah dinin' room." Henry sprinted away a few feet as Gleason wiped his eye glasses and glared at him.

"Now see here, neighbor," said the ex-Mavor severely, "don't try that on an old man like me, because I don't like it. Now give me some beef an'—"
"Ise got de greatest respect for vo', Mistah Gleason, but Ise got a duty ter perform," persisted Henry. "It's aginst de rules of dis house for any man to eat in his night gown. Now dar." This time Henry sprinted back toward the kitchen, while Mr. Gleason dropped the hill of fare.

"Come back here! come back here, you son of a Hottentot!" Oh, vou, vou——" It was very evident to those who heard the remainder of the conversation that the former Mayor was angry.

"Me ding' in a night shirt!" he roared. "But Henry sprinted away a few feet as Gleason

very evident to those who heard the remainder of the conversation that the former Mayor was angry.

"Me dinin' in a night shirt!" he roared. "But that I am a peaceful man there would be a wake not far from here." Finally the hotel clerks, waiters and interested friends held a consultation. It was finally decided to ask the former Mayor to put on his coat. It was with refluctance that Mr. Gleason complied. He sighed as his coat crushed down over his gorgeous shirt waist.

"To think that I should come to this and in me own town," he said mournfully. "Put on me coat? Yes, beings I'm a man of peace I'll put on me coat for the sake of harmony in the party. After forty years' catin' in this place and then told to put on me coat. Never again will I attempt to lead fashion. I'm too old to turn dude. Henry, me boy, you're all right. You've learned me a lesson not to get gay in me old age. No, I'll never again try to lead fashion; hereafter I'll just stick to politics."

## MR. DAMROSCH WEARS IT TOO.

Disclosure Made When the People's Choral

Union Makes Him Take Off His Coat. It was an hour of triumph for the shirt-waist man at Maennerchor Hall last night. When the thousand singers of the People's Choral Union were packed into the hall the temperature became most trying. They were there to rehearse the oratorio "Messiah" which is to be given at the auditorium of the Summer School of Theology at Ocean Grove this evening. Frank Damrosch, the leader of the union, appeared on the stage wearing a black coat to look at which made everybody warmer still. Mr. Damrosch would bravely pull up his coat sleeves before starting the beating for each chorus but the swing of the baton soon had the hot cuffs down around his wrists again, which annoyed the sopranos and altos to whom the leader's comfort is more than the music.

When the rehearsal had reached the chorus, "My Yoke is Easy and My Burden Light," Mr. Damrosch tugged despairingly at his sleeves as much as to say, "This burthen is anything but light." A soprano in a middle seat noticing his distress asked in a loud whisper: "Why doesn't he take it off." The idea was taken up by the other women singers and presently a suppressed chorus of suggestions was buzzing around the room. The noise disconcerted Mr. Damrosch who looked at the women inquiringly. ing. Frank Damrosch, the leader of the union,

Oh. now, said the leader, that would never—"

He didn't get any further, for there arose such a chorus of insistence from the sopranos, sustained by the meliow tones of the 300 altos, that Mr. Damrosch could do nothing but bow to it and retire from the stage, reappearing from the wings a moment later minus the coat, to an accompaniment of vigorous handelapping approval. Mr. Damrosch, as if he had expected such a happening, had on the latest style of shirt waist, and as he finished the rehearsal without perturbation of spirit and looked quite cool the women all agreed that the innovation in men's dress is "perfectly lovely."

The Choral Union will take a special train for Ocean Grove from the foot of Liberty street this afternoon.

SHIRT-WAIST DETECTIVE IS HERE. He Arrests a Man for Slugging Another Who

Tried to Eat a Five-Dollar Bill. Hugh Brady, a carpenter, 46 years old, of 1427 Amsterdam avenue, was paid off last night and celebrated that fact by getting drunk. He wanted to show the world in general his contempt for money, so he sat on the curbstone at Ninety-eighth street and Third avenue at 9 o'clock last night and tried to eat a five dollar

o'ciock last night and tried to cat a five-dollar bill.

"Luk at thot," velled Joseph Mallon of 203 East 100d street. "Thot's more than anny man kin stand."

Thereupon Mr. Mallon walked across the street, picked up Brady, carried him over the street and sat him up against a fence. Then he gave him a mighty swipe in the jaw, whereupon Brady spat out the bill. Mallon seized it and ran. Detective Rosenfeld of the East 104th street station, who is known as the shirt-waist detective, because he wears a man's shirt waist and no coat when he is in plain clothes, pursued Mallon and caught him smoothing out the tattered five-dollar bill in a shop in which he had taken refuge. Rosenfeld locked Mallon up on a charge of larc-ny and Brady on a charge of intoxication.

ST. LOUIS ADOPTS THE SHIRT WAIST.

The Mayor Approves the Reform and City Officials Form a Shirt-Waist Club. St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 9.- The shirt-waist fad has struck St. Louis hard. Yesterday the Assistant Prosecuting Attorney of the Second sistant Prosecuting Attorney of the Second district police court appeared in one of rose-colored silk and to-day the dispensary physicians and the City Hall officials followed suit. A club has been formed by dispensary employees with the object of popularizing the waist as an article of men's attire. Among the numbers are Drs. G. A. Jordan, George L. Kearney, A. Vogel, M. Dwyer, L. J. Hoffman and G. C. Schreeder. At the City Hall Carl Unger, Henry Besch, Lou Jones, Fred Zeigenhein and George Brand appeared in waists of varied hue.

hein and George Brand appeared in waists of varied hue.

Mayor Zelgenhein has indersed the inno-vation and says that within the next few days he will join the ranks of the advocates of dress reform for men. The Mayor, like Congress-man Bailey, has persistently refused to don a dress coat at the most important civic or social functions, appearing in a frock coat.

## "ANOTHER CAMPAIGN LIE."

so Says Secretary Long Over an Alleged Order for Masculine Shirt Walsts in the Navy. Boston, Aug. 9.—Secretary of the Navy Long laughed heartily when asked about the now famous "shirt waist order" which it was alleged he had promulgated in the Navy Department before leaving Washington for his vacation. "Another campaign lie nailed," said Mr. Long smilingly. "Really, this is the first I ever heard of such an order, and I think it was only intended for a joke. As a matter of fact, I never gazed upon a male shirt waist; I have no idea what they are like. So long as the employees of the Navy Department wear sufficient clothes to cover the law and their bodies I care not what the style may be, shirt waists or décollettés, if they desire." Boston, Aug. 9 .- Secretary of the Navy

## Ship's Captain Dies at Sea.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 9.-The British ship Melanope, which arrived to-day after a seventy-eight day voyage from Panama, reported the death of her captain and owner, John R. Craigen, on June 13. He was ill when the ship left Panama and sucoumbed to an acute attack of dysentery. He was buried at sea and the vessel brought into port by Charles Green, the first mate.

### His Ashes Cast Into the Mississippi. DAVENPORT, Ia., Aug. 8 .- The body of Charles

M. Bicknell of Des Mones. Ia., recently a student at the Chicago University, until he broke down on account of over-application to his studies, was oremated here to-day and his ashes cast into the Mississippi River in ac-cordance with the wishes of his family. New Zublications.

Mew Publications.



A powerful social study, "THE MASTER CHIVALRY," by MARGARET LEE A story of the strange salvation of a girl's life and honor by a man that dared. The theme and situations are absolutely new in fiction.

"LEARNING MORE OF LIFE." A story by EDGAR FAWCETT. 'THE SECRET OF ST. JAMES'S PALACE." By ALLAN UPWARD. An account of the terrible mystery that has for long years been a jealously guarded

secret of the royal family of England, with some startling revelations.

"MY NIECE, MRS. DOVE." A story by CAROLINE K. DUER.

"THE NEW PRINCE HAL." A story by CLINTON ROSS.

"THE ONE IN THE WORLD." A story by CHARLES STOKES WAYNE. 'THE WORTHINGTON ROBBERY." A detective story. By MARTL

CRONISE JONES. 'AMOUR PERDU.'' A posthumous story in the original French. Written for The Smart Set by the distinguished litterateur PAUL BONNETAIN.

The "smart set" all read THE SMART SET. Why? Because it amuses, it charms, it entertains.

It is sold by every news and periodical dealer. Price, 25 cents.

THE SMART SET, 1135 Broadway, New York.

Have you secured space in the September number of THE SMART SET? Forms close on the 25th inst.

Nothing in magazine history equals the success of this brilliant publication.

SHE STOLE TWO LOAVES OF BREAD. FOR LOVE OF A CHINAMAN. Mrs. Hodgine Had No Food for Her Children and Sick Husband.

Mrs. Emma Hodgins, a respectable-looking roman, who said that she was the janitre-s of 1831 Seventh avenue, was arraigned in Harlem court vesterday morning on a charge of stealing two loaves of bread from William M. Cushman's bakery wagon. William Xerks, the driver, told Magistrate Zeller that he had seen the woman taking the bread and had caused her arrest.

"The sergeant wanted him to let up on the case," said the policeman, "but he refused and nsisted upon pressing the charge."

"Your Honor," said Mrs. Hodgins, "this is the first time in my life I stole anything. My husband used to work for Naughton & Co., but six months ago a girder fell on him and he has been sick in bed ever since. I am janitress of the flat, but all I get is rent free and whatever the tenants tip me to. That is not much. For the past few days my two children. Emma, 3 years old, and Frank, 5 years old, have not had a thing to eat. Neither my husband nor myself has had a mouthful. I would not have stolen for myself or my husband, but I could not see my children so

husband, but I could not see my children so hungry."

Magistrate Zeller asked Xerks three times to withdraw the charge, but each time Xerks refused. "I have had a lot of bread stolen from me," he said, "and I have to make good at the bakery. This time I mean to prosecute."

Young man, "said Magistrate Zeller, rising from his chair, "I gue-s I will have to see your employer. He may have a softer heart than you have. I will parole this woman until to-morrow, and I warn you that you must have more evidence if you want me to hold her for stealing bread to give to her hungry children.

"And, Madam," continued the Magistrate, turning to the prisoner, "I will investigate this case myself. If I find that you have told me the truth I will help you to take up the battle of life again, and perhaps this time you will have better luck.

Mrs. Hodgins said last night at her home that she would be in court promptly this morning.

OBITUARY.

J. Simpson Africa, President of the Union Trust Company of Philadelphia, died at his was born in Huntingdon, Sept. 15, 1832, was educated in the schools there, and studied civil engineering. He was one of the party that made the first survey for the Huntingdon and Broad Top Railroad. In 1853 he established a weekly paper called the Standing Stone and later he edited a history of Huntingdon and Blair counties. During the sessions of 1858 and 1850 he was Journal Clerk of the Pennsyland 1850 he was Journal Clerk of the Pennsylvania Senate and served as member of the House of Representatives in 1860. In 1875 he was appointed Deputy Secretary of Internal Affairs of Pennsylvania and organized that department which had just been created. He served until 1879. R. B. Hayes appointed him in 1880 Supervisor of the Census of the Seventh Pennsylvania district. In 1882 he was elected Secretary of Internal Affairs of Pennsylvania.

Fennsylvania district. In 1822 he was elected secretary of Internal Affairs of Pennsylvania. Francis Mulheran of the firm of Mulheran & Shields, Atlantio Basin Iron Works, died Wednesday at his home, 76 Lincoln street, Jersey City, of typhoid pneumonia. Three weeks ago he had a peculiar accident. He was boarding the steamship Roraima, that was discharging a cargo of sugar at the foot of Coffey street, when a bag of sugar struck him in the chest, knocking him overboard. He received a thorough wetting but seemed to be only slightly injured. The next day typhoid fever developed. Mr. Mulheran had been with Handren & Robins and later with the John N. Robins Company for thirty years as a machinist and foreman. About a year ago he went into business for himself. His last work was rebuilding and refitting the Police Department boat Patrol. He was born in Ireland 40 years ago and came to this country when a boy. He leaves a widow one son and three daughters.

Archibald L. Miller died at his home in New-

one son and three daughters.

Archibald L. Miller died at his home in Newark yesterday morning. He came to this county thirty-two years ago with William Clark, who died at Watch Hill on Monday and was buried in Newark yesterday. They were close friends and were employed as superintendents by the Clark O. N. T. Thread Company, having been employed together in the old country by the Paisley Clarks in cotton spinning and twisting. Mr. Miller was born in Bathgate, Scotland in 1824 and was employed by the Clarks for forty-seven years, having gone to work in Paisley as a boy and later obtaining a place as a foreman of twisters in the twister department of the founders of the Clark company. He had charge of the twisting department in the Newark mill for many years. His brother, Thomas Miller, is a professor of arts in Paisley. He leaves a wife.

The death of Charles Gordon Button, a

brother, Thomas Miller, is a professor of arts in Paisley. He leaves a wife.

The death of Charles Gordon Hutton, a former resident of West Prange, at Pau, in the district of Bordeaux, France, on April 16, was made known yesterday when Mr. Hutton's will was offered for probate in the Essex county.

N. J., Surrogate's office. The document was executed in West Orange, Jan. 17, 1883, and leaves the entire estate to the testator's widow, Henrietta McCarthy Hutton, who is also made the sole executrix. Mr. Hutton owned a half-interest in Hutton Park. West Orange, which was laid out by his father, the late Benjamin H. Button. The mansion in the park is now the home of the Essex County Country Club, and the club's eighteen-hole golf course and a number of private residences are in the park Years ago the park was famous as a summer resort because of the chalybeate spirngs there.

Dr. John Francis Burns, visiting surgeon resort because of the charybeate spirings there. Dr. John Francis Burns, visiting surgeon of St. John's Hospital in Long Island City, died in that institution yesterday morning of spinal meningitis, aged 37 years. Dr. Burns was born in New York city and graduated from the University of New York in 1889. Three years later he opened an office in Long Island City. He was a writer on medical subjects and a prominent member of the Nassau and Queens Medical Society.

Queens Medical Society.

Henry Hoffman, the oldest man in Pennsylvania, died at his home at East Butler in that State on Wednesday night, aged 105 years 2 months and 4 days. He was born in New Brunswick, N. J., on July 6, 1795. When he was 102 years old he cut two cords of wood a day. Up to a year ago he went hunting every fall and always brought back rabbits and sometimes a weasel, which are hard to hit. He never used glasses.

Dr. Elias B. Marsie

glasses.

Dr. Elias B. Harris, a pioneer physician of California, who attended the families of Flood, O Brien, Mackay, Fair and other Comstock lote millionaires, is dead. Dr. Harris was 75 years of age and a native of Richmond Plains, N. Y. He married Isabella Stevens of the New York family of that name.

Mrs. Walter Varndell of Orange, N. J., died yesterday at her home, 10 New Essex avenue, of peritonitis after an illness of about a week. She was 22 years old and leaves a husband. Mrs. Varndell was a daughter of Sherman M. Bacon of Middletown, Conn.

Mr. George Martin, a Canadian poet, died in

Mr. George Martin, a Canadian poet, died in Montreal yesterday at the age of 7s. His best known work was a volume entitled "Margeurite of the 1se of Demona and other poems." He was born in Ireland in 1822.

Samuel W. Nevin, a well known resident of Easton, Pa., died yesterday in the 33d year of his age. He was born in Shippensburg, Pa., and was a son of the late Major Levid Nevin.

BROOKLYN GIRL RUNS AWAY FROM HOME TO MARRY CHONG GNOW.

Asks a Lawyer to Arrange Ceremony-Met Gnow in a Laundry and Went With His to the Mission-Mother and Three Brothers Ready to Kill Him if He Marries.

Charles Chong Gnow is a Christianized Chinaman. He has cut off his pigtail, speaks fairly good English and attends the Christian Mission at Tompkins avenue and Kosciusko street., Brooklyn. He also wants to marry an American girl, in spite of objections from her family. Charles Chong Gnow is known as Charley in the laundry of Wing Sing at 1041 Flushing avenue, Brooklyn. He has been in this country for fifteen years of the 30 years of his life. About a year ago Florence M. Mark, the daughter of Peter Mark, an ice dealer of \$1 Varick avenue, Williamsburg, took some of her brother's shirts to Wing Sing's laundry. There she met Charley, talked to him and consented to go with him to the Chinese mission in Tompkine avenue the following Sunday. The girl was pretty. She was not quite 16 years old then. Soon she became a regular attendant at the mission, but she never said anything to her

mother about it. About eight weeks ago a neighbor bore to Mrs. Mark the news that her daughter was seen going to the mission regularly and that she was always escorted by the same Chinaman Mrs. Mark went to the mission and there she found her daughter sitting alongside of Charles Chong Gnow and singing hymns. Mrs. Mark took her daughter out of the building by main strength and led her home. There was a long earnest talk and finally the daughter promised that she would never go to the mispromised that she would hever go to the mission again or speak to the Chinaman any more.

Last Monday night, while Mrs. Mark was away from home, the elder brother of the girl gave her permission to go to a bail on a promise that she would return home before midnight. The girl did not come home at all on Monday night. Nor did she appear at the Mark home on Tuesday. On Wednesday Mrs. Mark started to look for her and met her in Central avenue.

"I didn't leave the bail until after midnight," explained the girl, "and then I was afraid to come home. But I have been staying with

"I didn't leave the bail until after midnight."
explained the girl, "and then I was arraid to come home. But I have been staying with friends, and it is all right. I was not near the chinaman." She went home with her mother, and afterward when Mrs. Mark wanted to go out she took the girl's clothing away and locked it up. Once when she was out her daughter pried open the doors of the closets and forced the bureau drawers. She put on her best gown and made a bundle containing a white lawn dress, a black satin dress, a brown cloth dress and a dress of some light summer material. She took the bundle and waited Just inside the front door for her mother's return. When Mrs. Mark opened the door her daughter brushed past her and started to run.

Mrs. Mark dropped the meat and groceries on the hall floor and gave chase. The girl ran from Varick avenue to Flushing avenue, then to George street and then to Central avenue, with the mother close on her heels. At Melross street the girl dodged around several trolley cars and finally managed to evade her.

Yesterday afternoon the girl and Charles Chong Gnow appeared at the office of Lawyer Mark Alter, who practises in the Jefferson Market court and asked him to make arrangements for their immediate marriage. They did not care who performed the ceremony.

"Do your parents know of this marriage?" asked the lawyer.

"Oh, yes," replied the girl. "Mamma and papa entirely approve."

Lawyer Alter refused to act and told the couple to return to him after he had had a chance to communicate with the girl's parents. The Chinaman and the girl went away saying that they would call again to-day.

Mrs. Mark had not yet seen or heard from the lawyer when the Sun reporter called on her last night. "If Florence marries a Chinaman." she said. "I will kill that Chinaman. She has three brothers older than she is and they will kill him too. We are too respectable a family to stand such a disgrace as that."

Wing Sing said last night that Charley had taken a few days off.

"Him gone glet mallied,"

NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 9 .- The leading social event of the day was the lunch and musicale given by Miss Anna Leary at the Paul cottage. At the luncheon there were a dozen guests. The decorations were American Beauty roses. Later decorations were American Beauty roses. Later in the day all the cottage colony game in to attend the musicale. Other social events were dinners to-night by Mrs. J. J. Wysong and Mrs. Charence W. Dolan. Among the late arrivals at Newport are Mr. Firzbugh Whitehouse and his son, Mr. William F. Whitehouse, who has just returned from a nunting trip to East Africa.

## Business Rotices.

Mrs. Winslow's Scothing Syrup for children techning, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, alloys pain, cures wind colic, diarrhopa. 25c. a bottle.

CRAMPTON .- On Aug. 8, 1900, at her residence 165 East 95th st., Nellie Crampton, the onld beloved daughter of William and Katte Crampton, of appendicitis, aged 17 years. Funeral to-day at 1 P. M., at house. Friends and relatives invited.

IATHEWS. -On Aug. 8, 1900, James, beloved son of the late James and brother of the Rev. Peter F. Mathews. Funeral from his late residence, 94 Oakland at

Greenpoint, on Saturday, Aug. 11, 1900, at 9 A. M., thence to St. Anthony's Roman Catbolic Church, where a solemn mass of requiem will be offered for the repose of his soul. VEIL .- At Far Rockaway, L. L. Matilda, widow of the late Max Weil, in the 72d year of her age.

West 72d st., on Friday morning, Aug. 10, 1900, WELLINGTON. - At Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., Aug. 8, 1900, Elizabeth M., wife of William Wellington. Funeral services at her late residence Saturday Aug. 11, 1900, at 4 o'clock P. M. Interment pri

Funeral from the residence of her daughter, 128

WOOD .- At Copenhagen, Denmark, on Aug. 9, 1900. Ellen M., daughter of James and Emily H. Wood. of Mount Kisco. Funeral services at her late home, Mount Kisco

N. Y., on Saturday, Aug. 11, 1900, on arrival of

CYPRESS HILLS CEMETERY.
Office, I Madison av., corner 23d st., N. Y.

# Mew Publications.

MERMAID DRAMATISTS: Camelod Series: Apoc ryphal New Testament PRATT, 161 6th av.